

Spiritual from 1899

#995 in 5:15 Scored for Band of the 3rd MillenniumTM by © Stephen Melillo IGNA 2 April 2010 Good Friday 2nd & 3rd Millennium

> Commissioned by The Caston High School Comet Band Fulton, Indiana James Byrn, Director

> > Dedicated to Those who Believe

Somewhere in Boston during the year 1899...

When one thinks of the unnamed Soul who sat down one day to write this Music and set his/her text, one is reminded of the Buddhist Monk, *Ino* who is mentioned in **JIDAI**. When asked for a photograph, he simply said, "It can be any one of my Brothers." Some part of this dedication must always belong to the unnamed author... yet another unknown soldier whose purpose has transcended his/her signature.

The sentiment of this arrangement comes from the 1st & 4th verses, which might ring in the Mind while listening. We often sing this work on Good Friday. It is therefore, rightfully and profoundly Sad. But in verse 4, there are words about the Resurrection, just 3 days away. Such is the sentiment of this work.

It's ending? Even after the Resurrection... we still feel the echo of His Suffering, and so we come full circle to die and live again and again.

Were You There

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when God raised him from the tomb? Were you there when God raised him from the tomb? Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when God raised him from the tomb?

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Dear Caston High School Musicians, and those who will play this Music after them,

As I have done for the past several commissions, I was going to prepare a "Composer's Score Notes on Video" for you. Instead, I have opted for the more poetic form of... words on a page.

As I listen to the original piano arrangement, followed by the MIDI rendering of *Were You There*, I write these thoughts to you. Perhaps you will read them while listening to those very same sequential arrangements included on your CD.... that is, until one day, we properly record it. My letter to you changes when Music plays in the background. Why?

In Music we hear more than notes... we hear the *touch* itself, the intangible thing that we nevertheless experience with paradox and tactility.

Appropriate Music for confession, I confess to you now that I wanted to set something to ink that was simple... and yet, again I have failed. The Chinese say, "In clear water little fish have no place to hide." Oh, had I only had a small touch of genius so as to write a million notes for you to hide behind, so much anguish might have been spared. Alas my limited skills have put great pressure upon you.

There is no "grade level" for Beauty. For Sorrow. Hope. *Music* is gradeless. I am told you have come to "love" the Function Chorales. Good for you. You are wise and understand the needs of Music beyond your years.

From the very beginning of setting the ink my lack of skill becomes apparent. Trombone 2 must move the Bb to a Cb! The Bass Trombone must move from the F to a Gb! True, just leading tones... but low, resolute and dark.

Why such notes... Why such sounds? Why such pressure? Why not follow the more prescribed homogenized parameters of the contemporaries?

As you Struggle *first* for the "perfection" of these sounds... sounds not even demonstrable via the temper-tuned piano, or temper-tuned MIDI demo that follows my meager keyboard skills, please find it within yourselves to forgive me and try to overcome the **NOTES** with the *Music* that it stirs.

Look into your Hearts often and then back to the One from whom Music comes. Be tireless in your efforts. Understand in advance the Price of dedication. Tenaciously embrace the tedious nature of hard work. Then at some point... Music itself will flow from the ensemble, and you'll forgive *my* lack of talent by overcoming it with *yours*.

Thank you. Love and Godspeed!

Steve

Stephen Melillo Composer

